

Dublin, June 17. 1865

My dear friend
Annals-Watson

Yesterday I was greatly gratified by the receipt of a newspaper directed by your own hand. I don't know whether I have ever been more pleased to get a letter from any of your faction. I hear from you so seldom that I am thankful for the smallest favour in this way - it is so very pleasant to be remembered. Since the war began I have been withheld from writing private or public letters to my American friends nearly so often as I "used to do" by the constant feeling of a kind of breathless interest in the vast importance of the crisis which made me feel as if it would be like trifling to interfere with ordinary talk about ordinary matters. It was in America the battle was to be fought, and what could I say that would be worth saying? Besides the simple truth is that the crisis elicits an amount of talent and interest on the right side which I was not told there even of the existence of which I do not think is at all sufficiently known or appreciated in your side. But that it should not make an adequate impression is not surprising, people are naturally so, much more shocked by unexpected insults & injuries than gratified by the sympathy they naturally expect.

Known it is a fact that from first to last
nearly all our public meetings have been in
the proportion of 10 to 1 of its members in favor
of the truth. I might truly say 20 to 1 - and that
whenever a Pro-Southern meeting was to be held it
had generally to be held with closed doors & often
broken up in confusion. I expect that in a very
few years the English people will be unwilling to admit
that so large a proportion of their aristocracy &
other classes sympathized with the truth. Class
interests, anti-republican prejudices & the fear of
more rapidly increasing power afford the explanation.

For myself I was never so much of a republican
as now, for I am persuaded that no other nation
could have acted so bravely, so ably, so effectually
for so much humanity & magnanimity under
similar circumstances.

I am sorry for the split in the Anti-Slavery
Rank. Slavery is not dead yet & so long as the
colored people are excluded from political power
its influence for evil is not so great as it should
be obstructed as evil. The efforts of abolitionists
should not be relaxed & I fear the apparent withdrawal
of so many of the ablest veterans of the cause will
be regarded as if there was nothing more to fight
for. You know better than I do, but it is thus it
seems to me. It is greatly to be regretted that the
names of Garrison & Phillips should appear as opponents
so near the apparent end of the warfare

Miss Estlin kindly allowed me to see the
last letter she had from your sister Caroline
from you. There was no violation of confidence
as there was nothing private or confidential in
either. They mentioned that Mr. Langel had
returned home to England & that Madame & the
children were to remain a while longer. What
a fine time they have had in Weymouth, Boston,
New York, Washington & every where. I read Langel's
article in the Revue des Deux Mondes with great
interest as indeed I have every thing I could lay my
hands on referring to President Lincoln who is doubtless
destined to occupy an honorable place in the future
history of the world. I should also tell you that
your sister Dora came along with the letters on a visit
to Ireland & went back safe to Durham Down where
she now resides. I thought the letter looked like a good
liberian & I wished for it accordingly - I fancy it is
much better than the one I have if the shade came
from Italy & in which (excepting the deep) I cannot
recognize a trace of liberian to the original. Now
are there the person & all your sister that I once knew
who is now alas only like dim shadow of the
past? - Samuel May of Leicester being now my
only remaining American correspondent

About ~~eight~~ 9 months since I sold my beautiful
country house & removed to 137, Leinster Road, about two
miles from Great Brunswick Street where my business is
carried on. My daughter found the country too lonely as
- they had no near neighbors. However there is this
great compensation in the change that they enjoy themselves

was - they do not then another health is much
better. I send you enclosed a little poem which I have
written some time ago & which you may have seen
before. It was suggested by the perplexity into which
she was thrown by her mother's death. With my
kindest regards to the young wife I remain yours
affectionately &c
Ruth Dobson

Miss Anne Weston,
Weymouth,
Mass.

